le sexe?

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le sexe?

by amunet_rose

Summary

Will Graham doesn't do social interactions very well.
Now he has a college roommate.
A handsome roommate.

The Twin Bed Near The Only Window

Chapter Notes

> College, the-closet-is-glass gay, sexual tension, internalized homophobia, but it's too good to stop, young Hannibal with rings and pierced ears, bottom Will Graham with a face as pretty as a girl - are just a few of the driving forces behind this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In the entryway of his room, Will stood frozen for a total of twelve minutes. Even after dozens of students passed him, all first years searching for their own rooms, he remained still as a statue.

The scholarship didn't pay for a private room, so Will was forced to room with another boy. It was a normal college experience for many, but Will dreaded it. He wasn't good at being social. He never was.

Thankfully, his roommate was nowhere to be found. The only trace of him, was a couple of bags already in the room, but they sat in the middle of the floor. Therefore, it was impossible to know if the absent boy picked a bed yet. Will didn't want to presume and pick the wrong bed and then get yelled at by another first year.

Time was ticking and Will didn't want his roommate to find him standing in the doorway like an idiot, so he picked the twin bed next to the only window. Seeing outside would remind him that he wasn't trapped in a prison cell with a villainous murderer, that the outside on the other side of the glass was attainable.

While unpacking his clothes, he heard obnoxious laughter coming from down the hallway. It wouldn't be the last time. Yale was one of the best colleges in the world. The ones that earned their spot took it seriously. The ones that bought their way, more times than not, didn't give a fuck.

The laughter got so loud, it sounded like it was right outside the door.

Until Will realized, to his horror, that it was.

The door whipped open so fast, Will jumped like he was getting robbed.

The first one he saw was a tall boy with ash brown hair, long enough to reach his chin. Half of it was pulled back, out of his face, save for a few strands that fell over his head.

The intruder smiled widely, flashing sharp teeth.

"You must be Will?" he asked, voice thick with a European accent. Will couldn't decipher where it was from and it wouldn't be until later that he knew it to be Lithuanian.

His roommate.

Before Will could say anything, four other boys clambered in behind him, too engrossed in their conversations to notice or care about Will.

It was his worst nightmare—being surrounded by other boys his own age. The room felt too small and suffocating all of a sudden. Will felt their eyes, even though they weren't looking at him, calling him a freak for just standing there, gawking at his absurdly handsome roommate.

The mysterious boy seemed to notice Will's discomfort, but instead of giving him a pitied look (something Will was used to), he looked a little amused. "My name is Hannibal Lecter."

Will looked at Hannibal's outstretched hand, long slender fingers littered with rings. How many rings did someone need?

"Are you a first year?" Will heard himself ask.

Hannibal dropped his hand, giving up on waiting for Will to be a normal person. Behind him, one of the boys laughed, elbowing one beside him. Hannibal just grinned and dug into his pocket to take out a piece of gum. He unwrapped it while speaking. "No," he answered, popping the gum into his mouth. "I'm a third year, actually, but I got kicked out of my last room and this was the only spot available."

Kicked out? So Will almost had the room to himself. He narrowed his eyes at the boy. "I thought most third and forth years got apartments."

"Auntie wouldn't allow that, now would she?" one of the boys teased, earning a squeal of laughter from the other three.

Hannibal clenched his jaw and looked back at the boy. "Though I know she'd want to hear from me again, don't make me call your mother, Jimmy."

The boys howled like a pack of wolves. Hannibal looked back to Will with a triumphant look. It was then, Will realized, that he couldn't stand the guy.

"Actually, I enjoy being on campus, that way I'm never late," he teased.

Will was sufficiently drained of enough social battery to allow himself to be rude. He didn't like that there were strangers all around him, looking at him, even breathing the same air as him.

He faced his bed. "I chose this bed. Hope you don't mind."

"Not fond of eye contact, are you?"

Will paused, anger rushing up to redden his face.

He's going to try and embarrass me now? So the pack of hyenas can watch? Does he think that's funny?

Will turned back to the older boy with a clenched jaw. The look of anger didn't seem to bother Hannibal, his eyes darting around every inch of Will's expression, as if he needed time to take in the full effect.

"Eyes are distracting. You see too much, you don't see enough," Will began to rant. He didn't care, he was embarrassed and pissed off about it. "And it's hard to focus when you're thinking, 'Oh, those whites are really white', or, 'He must have hepatitis', or, 'Oh, is that a burst vein?' So yeah, I try to avoid eyes whenever possible."

The boys went quiet by the time Will's speech was over, like they didn't know if they should laugh or not. No one took the plunge, and the room remained silent.

Hannibal, however, looked beyond pleased. Will wanted to smack the grin off his face.

"You'll have to forgive me," Hannibal finally said, with a slight bow of the head. "I'm majoring in experimental psychology. Observing is what I do."

His explanation didn't cool Will's anger. Instead, it only fanned it hotter. Will hated psychiatry and hated therapists. They were shoved down his throat all through his adolescence. He knew the tricks and their manipulation all too well.

"Don't psychoanalyze me," Will warned. "You won't like me when I'm psychoanalyzed."

That finally got the pack excited again. Their laughter was a roar of obnoxious egotism, poking minor insults to Hannibal while also somehow mocking Will.

Instead of answering, Hannibal only nodded his head to Will and turned back to the howling wolves. After playfully hitting the one named Jimmy in the arm, he ushered them out like a mother hen.

"Come on now, let's give Will some privacy to unpack," he had said to them.

Will was still fuming, alone in the room. The meeting and interaction with his roommate was much more disheartening than he thought it would be. He hoped for someone quiet, like him, interested in getting a degree and making their place in the world.

Instead, he was roomed with someone a couple years older and a lot more obnoxious.

There was also something *disturbing* about Hannibal's presence. Or was there a certain quieting about him? Will wasn't sure if he could figure it out.

He noticed Will didn't like eye contact because Hannibal seemed to enjoy *too much* eye contact. Maybe it was because he was European and they love to stare, but Will found his attention far too nerve-wracking. It was like looking in the face of some all-knowing, Greek god.

There was no doubt in his mind that Hannibal was most *definitely* a popular boy. In the short time they stayed in the room, the guys followed his every move like the Greeks would have watched Achilles, and Hannibal led them all with great ease. He was handsome and European, too. High cheekbones and a chiseled jaw. The girls must love him. Which was going to be a whole other nightmare.

How many times during the next couple of years, is he going to be forced to hear sex happening a few feet away from him? There is no way a guy like him didn't get laid all the time. He looked like he could be a model.

The very thought of it all made Will cringe.

In reality, however, it was the least of his problems. He had no choice but to do well for the next four years. He knew what he wanted, where his talents could take him.

He couldn't let some European version of a frat boy, get in his way.

Chapter End Notes

#1- A bitch didn't even go to college, so I have no idea what the fuck I'm talking about.
#2- A lot of the future goings-on at Yale, will be completely fabricated. I'm too lazy to look it all up.
#3- There probably won't be much of a plot behind this.
#4- I'm high.

Midnight Pancake Soiree?

Chapter Summary

Hannibal makes Will be social.

Chapter Notes

FUN FACT: I did not really proof read this because I'm not going to obsess and overanalyze everything and get burnt out for no reason because this is for fun. THIS IS FUN. Right? RIGHT!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Thank god Will's father made sure his anxiety medication was filled before leaving campus, because when classes began normally, to say it was overwhelming would be an understatement.

The university was huge and though they were very clear about the rules, Will constantly felt like he was breaking some unwritten ones. The ones only known to the students who have been there for more than a year.

It didn't help that his roommate was being intolerably annoying.

"You didn't sign up for a FROCO?" Hannibal had asked that morning, calmly combing his hair while Will rushed about in a panic.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't socialize well."

"So does that means you're not going to the first years pancake soiree at midnight?"

Will paused his search for the right tie, to turn and give Hannibal an annoyed glare. "Seriously?"

Instead of getting offended at the anger, Hannibal only seemed amused by it. A big, sharp smile spread across his face. "Uh-oh. Did I strike a nerve?"

"How does pancakes at midnight have anything to do with our studies?"

Hannibal rolled his eyes, even though the smile was still on his face, and picked up the leather jacket that was thrown over his desk chair. "I don't know Will, maybe some people enjoy being civil to one another and behaving like adults."

Will's face fell only a little bit.

"God forbid we become friendly."

What a brat.

Whenever Will ran into Hannibal before classes started, wearing his ridiculous jacket and leather-tied boots, he's *surrounded* by friends. All of them practically climbing over each other for his attention.

Did he expect Will to bend over backwards too? Was he shocked that Will wasn't obsessed? *As if* Hannibal needs one more person to follow him around like a lost puppy!

Will was suddenly so fiercely offended by the train of thoughts inside his head, he was determined to insult Hannibal in some way.

"I don't find you that interesting," Will blurted out with dead eyes.

Hannibal's eyes sparkled like a girl receiving a compliment from her crush. There was a private challenge he accepted in those few moments, hidden too deeply for Will to notice.

"You will," Hannibal promised.

A slight change in his tone made Will's face feel hot. He didn't like the way Hannibal looked at him, like he could see straight through to his bone and hear all the horrible things hidden in his head.

Needless to say, the entire interaction threw Will's morning off the rails. He was late for his first class, got lost after lunch and barely made it to his sociology class.

He couldn't get the conversation out of his head, nor the way Hannibal looked with that stupid leather jacket. Will knew there was a sort of dress code on campus, but apparently it didn't apply to Hannibal. He waltzed around like he owned the place. Yale's very own European Fonzie.

At the end of the first day, Will was completely doubting himself. Becoming a government agent suddenly felt so far away, something so unachievable. How do people do this every day for almost four years total?

It's not like he had another option, either. Bo was killing himself to put his son through school and he made sure it was understood that failure was *not* an option. No matter how inadequate Will might feel.

Their hometown was small, in the deep South. Abita Springs, Louisiana, with the population of 1,600 people. *Everyone* knew about Will going to Yale.

"*Did you hear about Bo's kid? He's going to Yale. What a miracle, that poor boy.*"

"*Oh, yes, I know! Such a quiet thing, but amazing that he's able to make a life for himself after all he saw growin' up. Now* ***that's*** *a miracle*."

It wasn't the first, nor the last time Will would be the the topic of conversation between old, Southern women and men. Will understood that small town syndrome made good people revel in others misfortunes.

Unfortunately for him, he had enough misfortunes for them to rub their noses in for years. Enough for a lifetime.

It was up to Will to prove them all wrong. Maybe then, he can move on. Finally make his dad proud and live far enough away to ignore their gossip forever.

Later that night, Will went back to the dorm room freshly showered, with a towel wrapped around his waist. Thankfully, the room was empty, so he could recharge in peace.

In his solitude, he picked out his outfit for the following day so he wouldn't be as panicked in the morning. He even turned on some old music, something that always calmed him down, before starting his routine.

Like a tornado from the depths of hell, the door whipped open and Hannibal stumbled inside. Will gripped his towel, as if Hannibal's appearance would make it fall.

There was a girl wrapped around his neck.

When her blue eyes fixed on Will, they widened. "Oh, hi."

The blush was intolerable, heating up Will's face like a furnace. She let go of Hannibal to go sit on his bed.

"Are you getting ready?" Hannibal asked, sitting down next to the girl. She leaned into him, her eyes falling down to Will's towel.

"Ready for bed? Yeah." Will turned towards his bed, wondering how soon he could excuse himself and go change.

"No, for pancakes. At midnight."

Will clenched his fist, refusing to look at the two on the bed. "I'm not going to make pancakes at midnight. I have class in the morning, besides."

"My friend, Alana, wants you to come with us."

Will dared to look over at her. She was smirking while Hannibal's mouth was pressed onto her neck. Will averted his eyes immediately, his face unfathomably hot again.

"Don't you wanna meet other first years?" she asked after a soft giggle.

"Will doesn't socialize well," Hannibal answered for him, his voice muffled from being against her neck. Or perhaps he travelled to her ear by then. "So we will help him."

"I don't need or want your help."

Will heard the squeaking of the bed and footsteps approaching him. It was Hannibal, staring too hard and coming close enough for Will to pick up on his cologne. It smelled expensive.

"You don't even need to make pancakes," he began, leaning one hand on Will's desk. "I'll make them for you."

Will tightened the grip on his towel again.

"I'm a really good cook," he said lowly, in a tone that made Will swallow hard before answering.

"You're not going to leave me alone, are you?" After asking his question, for the first time, Will *really* looked Hannibal in the eyes.

They were captured in each other's expression for a long time or not long enough, Will couldn't tell, but there was something devouring about it. As if Hannibal was eating up every inch of him. Then they traveled to his collarbone before slowly returning to their previous place. The blush on Will's cheeks was travelling downward, as if his body could feel Hannibal's gaze physically.

"If you come, and hate it, I will never ask you out again. You can continue your studies and we can ignore each other. But if you come, and like it, then you have to stop being such a cunt."

The tension wasn't as unbearably thick as it was the first time Will met the guy. It shifted into something else that he couldn't quite identify yet.

"Fine," he folded, grabbing a pair of casual clothes before storming out to change.

~*~

In their dorm, which most first years stayed in, the pancake bake off was in their shared kitchen. It was big enough to fit everyone, with multiple islands and stoves for more group cooking sessions like the pancake soiree.

The room was loud with conversation when the three of them walked in. It seemed to quiet for a moment, all eyes falling on Hannibal and Alana, before quickly continuing on their excited chatter.

Though it was frustrating to see Hannibal's magnetism succeed, Will couldn't have expected anything else. Even if Hannibal wasn't good-looking and popular, just having an older boy in the mix would liven things up.

To Will's surprise, it wasn't just first years looking for some friends. Other FROCO's, which was a glorified babysitter, also joined. Hannibal knew a lot of them, and to his great displeasure, seemed determined to introduce Will to them all.

It was like being surrounded by cackling crows, all surrounding Will like he was roadkill.

By the time the leaders of the baking session gathered everyone together to start mixing, Will was exhausted and ready to sleep.

As if picking up on this, Hannibal skirted them to an unoccupied island, so the three of them weren't surrounded by people.

"Having fun yet, Will?" he whispered, while one counselor warned everyone about keeping their serving sizes small.

"Loads," the younger man responded sarcastically.

Hannibal smirked. "They already think you're cool because Alana is with us."

"I don't care about being cool."

"I know you don't," the man responded, as if he's known Will his whole life. "Still, enjoy it, if you can. I'll go get our ingredients."

As Hannibal made his way to the counselor, Will watched as the attention followed him.

It didn't surprise him. He was nowhere near as good-looking as Hannibal or Alana. Hannibal was at least three inches taller and Alana looked like a supermodel standing next to him.

"Handsome, isn't he?" Alana asked when Hannibal was out of earshot.

I looked back at her, surprised that I was able to hold her eye contact for a while, before averting them again. "In a European kind of way, sure."

She chuckled. "It does make him exciting, and a little mysterious."

"Are you two dating?" Will blurted out without thinking.

This time, she laughed loud enough for people to look back at them. It was a pretty laugh, one that hasn't known a lot of hardship. "Oh no," she cooed. "We're just friends in the same field. We get far too competitive to actually date. So, we just hang out and have fun instead."

Will knew what that meant. Even though his hometown was small, he didn't grow up under a rock. Did that mean she would go back to their room after? The idea made his skin crawl.

"Your hair is so pretty," she complimented, bringing her hand up to Will's curls. She fanned some of them away from his forehead while Will blushed profusely. He wasn't used to women touching him, especially ones as beautiful as Alana.

"I need to get it cut."

"Don't," she protested. "It makes you look like a prince."

A prince? Will didn't know how to take that.

It didn't matter, because Hannibal returned to the island with bowls and bags of ingredients. His eyes fell on Alana and Will, darting between them both before placing the bowls on the counter with a smile.

"Stand back, Will, I'm about to blow your mind."

Will leaned over on the counter as Hannibal began rolling up his sleeves. His arms were littered with random tattoos, nonsensical but masterfully done. His arms were tan, like he spent all summer abroad and in the sun.

As he began mixing the ingredients, Alana and him argued about how to put it together and which order it was supposed to be in and how quickly he should mix it.

What must it be like to be with them in a classroom?

If they fight about the properties of baking soda and powder, and why they respond to acidity differently, he couldn't imagine how they would debate matters of the mind.

Still, no matter how Alana fought back, Hannibal only smiled and politely refuted her argument. It was sickeningly charming.

Alana and Hannibal ended up infecting others with their competitiveness. The island across from them, with a loud mouth named Beverly, got particularly cut throat. Suddenly, it was all about whose pancakes would be the best.

The game intensified so much, it turned into a proper bake off. Everyone would taste test the two opposing islands.

"What happens when you lose?" Beverly smirked, pressing two fists against her hips like Wonder Woman.

Hannibal playfully tapped on his chin. "For a first year? I guess I should go easy on you..."

"Yeah, we don't want to traumatize her," Alana agreed. "Too much, that is."

"What do you think, Will?" Hannibal asked, turning to his roommate.

Suddenly, all eyes were on Will. His face grew hot, with embarrassment but also anger. Hannibal knew he didn't enjoy being the center of attention, yet spun him in the middle of it anyway. Will was beginning to think Hannibal enjoyed seeing Will upset.

"Whoever loses, is forced to eat leftover pancakes all week, and nothing else until they're gone."

"Come on, Will, you can do better than that," Hannibal pressed. "I can tell we are just alike. What would you *really* have the loser do?"

I clenched my jaw. How could he possibly know we are anything alike? His cockiness was unmatched. "Fine," I sighed. "Loser streaks across the front lawn."

The crowd erupted into sounds of cheers, even though the counselors were threatening penalties for anyone caught doing such an act.

Will dared to look at Hannibal, who was smiling from ear to ear, watching all the cheering students. His gaze finally fell to Beverly with raised brows. "Do we have a deal?"

Beverly held out her hand. "Deal."

The hands clasped and everyone cheered, following the bakers to the ovens. Hannibal seemed more familiar with the kitchen than Beverly, and definitely more showy. He flipped pancakes in the air, cracked eggs with one hand and flirtatiously gave Alana a lick of his batter-covered finger.

Will was starting to believe the guy was a full-fledged narcissist.

With the pancakes done and both dishes set out, everyone dug into them like greedy vultures. Beverly's were delicious, though a tad bit dry from being on the burner too long.

Hannibal's however, were fluffy clouds crafted by the gods themselves. They were soft, buttery and melted in your mouth like honey. Hannibal watched Will eat, somehow eager for the boy's approval.

"Well?" he asked.

Why was he so nice? So eager to be friends?

"They're delicious."

Hannibal grinned.

There was nothing to deny, Hannibal was the winner. Beverly fought a good battle, but it couldn't be denied. The next day, everyone would be talking about Beverly and her streaking across the front lawn. She would be known as the Yale Shrike, and the nickname would follow her into forensics later on.

When Will eventually returned to the room, having successfully met three people he wasn't horrified to converse with, he was surprised to see Hannibal alone on his bed. He was

unwrapping a stick of gum and popping it in his mouth.

"That was fun, yes?" he asked when looking at Will, chewing through a sneaky smirk.

Will shrugged to feign indifference. "I guess."

"Great suggestion. Streaking. First years are always desperate to prove themselves."

Instead of answering, Will only tore off his shirt to get ready for bed.

"I'm trying to quit smoking," Hannibal groaned. "The gum isn't working, though. I'd kill for a fucking cigarette."

"It's a bad habit."

"It's nice after sex."

Oh. Will tried not to cringe while taking off his pants. Did they have sex in their room? Before Will came back? Or did they go to Alana's room?

"Were you disappointed I won?"

Before he climbed into bed, Will turned to look at him incredulously. "Why would I want you to lose?"

"So you could see me naked."

Will couldn't believe the words that came out of Hannibal's mouth. "I'm straight."

His roommate chuckled. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"Everything," Will scoffed dryly. "I wouldn't care about seeing you naked."

"Ah," he muttered, as if he didn't understand Will's English before. "A shame. I have a nice cock."

Will wanted to evaporate into nothing. Instead, he rolled into bed, finding himself immensely grateful for the darkness of the room, so Hannibal couldn't see how fiercely he was blushing. "Congratulations."

"I bet you have a nice one too," he continued. "Maybe not as big as mine, but pretty."

It felt like something tickled his stomach. *What is with this guy?*

"If you're gay, that's fine," Will said, feeling embarrassed and not knowing why. "But please don't talk about my penis."

Hannibal started laughing, as if Will said the cutest thing in the world.

"Americans are so touchy."

Instead of responding, Will pulled the blanket over his head, exasperated with his roommate.

Chapter End Notes

It may not be relatable, but I'm making Will's gay panic like my gay panic. I somehow hated the person I was attracted too, as if my whole being was trying so hard to deny the attraction, that it tricked me into thinking I hated them. When in reality, I was crushing and totally ignoring the butterflies in my stomach!
Ah, young love.
I FUCKING HATE IT AND LOVE IT AT THE SAME TIME
Thanks for reading so far and thank you for commenting! It's so sweet<3333

Backwards Baseball Hat

Chapter Summary

Hannibal takes Will to a party

Chapter Notes

Is this cliché? Yeah. But can we just enjoy it at this point? The world is ending.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn't the first time someone assumed Will was gay.

Growing up, he wasn't as tall as the other boys or as built as them. He was slender, with a soft, sort of feminine face.

"*He looks just like Mary*," they used to say.

He hated when they compared him to his mother, more so than anything else. Hated that he bared so much of a resemblance to her.

He handled the bullying better than most could. though. Even at a young age, Will understood the motives of others. Half the time, it was so clear to him, he couldn't understand how they remained ignorant to their own behavior.

Every student that picked on him, either had something to prove or something to run away from, and since it was such a small town, nothing was kept secret for long. So Will pieced their lives together like it was a puzzle until finally, the last piece fit and like a light bulb going off, Will understood why they were picking on him.

It didn't excuse their behavior, but made it easier to bear. It wasn't really about him, his soft face or slender arms. It was their own father, their own self-hatred, their own attraction to him.

After understanding this, Will couldn't help but pity them.

Hannibal was a different story. He wasn't picking on Will per say, but he wasn't hitting on him either.

And while Will carried their awkward conversation around with him the next morning, Hannibal woke and got ready as if he didn't have a care in the world. He hummed while combing his hair, slipped on a flannel beneath the black, leather jacket and left their room early.

Then as the months went on, and Will got used to his routine at Yale, he saw Hannibal less and less.

He was grateful for it, since he yearned to make his place in the university without distraction. He was studying every chance he got, going to bed early and waking extra early minimize his anxiety.

Soon enough, the conversation about streaking was rarely thought about. He chalked it up to Hannibal wanting to rile up a new toy that was thrown into his lap. When Will proved to be just as uninteresting as the rest, Hannibal moved on to something else.

It wasn't until three months after the pancake bake-off, that things got weird again.

Alana had stopped coming to their room weeks earlier. Will didn't want to ask, but assumed they had a falling out. He wasn't upset about it, though he admired Alana and enjoyed her presence. She never bothered Will when his face was buried in a book, but always asked if he wanted tea when she went to the kitchen to get herself one.

Then on one fateful Saturday night, while Will was studying, Hannibal stumbled into their room to shake things up for good.

Will looked at his watch. Only nine o'clock. Kind of early to be drunk, but who was he to judge? He promised he wouldn't be a cunt after the pancake soiree, and held true to it in the months that followed.

Hannibal wore a zip up hoodie with another flannel underneath, reeking of alcohol. His hair was hidden beneath a white, backwards hat, with only a few strands peeking out the front. Instead of falling on his own bed, he walked over to Will's desk, leaning over to see what his roommate was reading.

"Hello, Will."

"Hello," he answered, not looking up, but keeping his eyes on the same sentence he'd been trying to get past since Hannibal walked in the door.

"Studying again?" he asked. "It's all you seem to do."

"First round of exams are soon, I want to do well."

Hannibal hummed and sat down on Will's bed without an invitation to do so. "It's not healthy for the brain to undergo repetitive tasks for too long. Spontaneity keeps it challenged. Offsets dementia later on."

"I'm sure copious amounts of alcohol is not healthy for the brain either," Will blurted out. Then he tensed up, like he was going to get smacked for acting like a cunt again.

It made Hannibal laugh, however, and he leaned back on his palms to roll his head into the air. Will relaxed in the sound of it. "You know," he began after collecting himself. "A psychiatrist by the name of Finn Skarderud claims that man is born with a deficit of 0.05 percent alcohol in the bloodstream."

Will rolled his eyes, as Hannibal slurred words multiple times during his claim. "Some experimental psychiatry, there, Hannibal."

"Come to a party with me." As he said it, Will felt Hannibal's foot nudge the chair he sat in.

The proposition made Will look up from his book. He was gawking at the older boy, who remained still, looking like a defiant child that said something naughty.

"Please tell me you're joking."

"Why not? You have no classes tomorrow."

"Yes, but I promised Beverly I'd help her prepare for a forensics exam."

"Jesus," Hannibal chuckled dryly, leaning forward so his eyes could travel all over the boy. "Do you ever relax? Have fun? You're always studying with either Beverly or that other kid."

"Francis."

Something in Hannibal's eyes darkened a bit at the sound of his friend's name. He leaned back on his palms again. "Yes, Francis."

Francis and Will were both in the same field, and finally got the chance to talk to one another during the pancake bake-off. Francis was forced on Beverly's team and going nuts trying to keep up with her.

He was quiet, much like Will, which made them ideal study partners. Though he's introduced Francis to Hannibal several times, Will has never known his roommate to forget a name. Curious as to how he forgot Francis'.

Will let the thought go, feeling stupid for even giving it weight in the first place. He couldn't possibly imagine Hannibal would never forget a name. It's not like Hannibal was superhuman.

"Come with me," Hannibal urged, pulling Will from his head. "Just this one time."

Anxiety bubbled like someone turned up the heat beneath a boiling pot. A party? In his entire life, he's never been to a party. Not that there were invitations to them rolling at his feet.

He didn't like alcohol or drugs, and hated seeing public displays of affection even more. It would be an evening full of overstimulation, which was a nightmarish hell to anyone *but* the people who have never experienced overstimulation before. Will didn't think Hannibal has felt nervous in his entire life, about anything.

"If you want to leave at any point, I'll bring you back here."

Will didn't know if he believed that, more so than he didn't believe what came out of his mouth next.

"Okay."

~*~

When they walked up to the house, which was more like a mansion, the words '**Sigma Chi**' were displayed below the roofline.

It was lit up like a Christmas tree and students were all scattered on the front lawn like decorations. Even from a great distance, everyone could hear the music blasting.

A frat party. Will wanted to crawl out of his skin. How could he have agreed to this? What was the quickest way back to his dorm?

He didn't have time to ponder on any of it, because as if sensing Will's instinct to flee, Hannibal grabbed him by the sleeve of his green jacket and dragged Will towards the house. Will let him lead and embarrassingly, fought the desire to cling onto Hannibal's arm like a lost child.

They didn't linger on the lawn. Hannibal only waved or nodded while continuously pulling them towards the mansion.

Once inside, all the lights were off, save for LED lights taped to the walls and projectors shining every color of the rainbow onto the partiers below.

Chattering students lined every wall, which somehow felt like they were enclosing on everyone like that one scene in Star Wars. Will focused on the backwards cap Hannibal wore, keeping his eyes on the yellow stitched 'Y' and ignoring the dozens of red solo cups raising in the air at Hannibal's entrance.

Though there was barely any room, they all parted for his roommate.

Will was brought to the kitchen, surrounded by alcohol and cups and people making out in the dark.

"What's your preferred poison?" Hannibal asked over the loud music, gesturing to the many bottles of expensive liquor.

"I don't drink!" Will shouted to be heard, his voice shaking from effort. How did people do this for fun? *Every* weekend?

Instead of shouting back, Hannibal leaned close to his ear. "Alcohol releases endorphins, Will."

With Hannibal's mouth so close, and his voice practically purring in his ear, Will felt a different instinctual reaction triggered. His body froze, waiting for Hannibal to speak again.

"It will numb the social anxiety you're experiencing right now."

The music drowned out and Will could feel his heartbeat pulsing in his temples. He didn't answer, because he didn't know what to say. Couldn't find the word 'no' in any of his known vocabulary.

Instead of waiting for an answer, Hannibal slid a cup into his hand.

"Make sure you knock it back in one go," Hannibal instructed in his ear. "If you can handle it."

A shot of irritation sprang up in Will's chest, finally strong enough to work its way through the heavy emotions already there. Hannibal must think him so pathetic, unable to handle one college party without having a panic attack.

The contents of the cup smelled sour. It tasted worse, when Will finally drank from it, determined to prove his roommate wrong. As Hannibal instructed, he drank it all in one go, though he had to swallow several times before emptying its contents. He gasped, choking on the burning sensation in his throat.

His roommate flashed a sharp smile, his eyes shining while gripping Will's shoulders to shake them excitingly. "That's it!" he cheered, as Will's head spun from feeling of Hannibal's hands on him, squeezing him. "Come on, now have one with me."

By the third drink, to Will's absolute amazement, the invisible hands of anxiety released their grip on his neck. He was breathing again, ignorant to all the bodies around him.

Everything was so dark, but with Hannibal leading them from the kitchen, Will didn't bump into a single person.

When Hannibal introduced him this time, Will grabbed stranger's hands a bit more firmly. He smiled and told them he was pleased to meet them. Then the music started agreeing with his energy instead of rubbing harshly against it.

Will had never been drunk, but he could see how his father found it appealing.

For once, his brain was quiet. As if something flipped a switch and turned it off, Will was able to just exist. No one was looking at him. No one cared about what he looked like or what he did or how he stood, because all of their switches flipped too.

As the alcohol set in full effect, he began separating from Hannibal a few times. Each time, he felt his roommate's gentle hands pulling him back, away from the other random people talking to him. And like a docile sheep, Will went wherever he was led.

"Do you like to dance?" Hannibal asked in his ear at one point, lingering there longer than necessary.

Will knew then, that Hannibal wasn't *really* drunk when he stumbled into their room. Having never been drunk himself, and only ever seeing the severities of his father, he wrongly assumed Hannibal's disposition.

Standing in front of him now, Will saw Hannibal was *truly* drunk. His head pressed against the side of Will's, waiting for an answer. Like they were glued together, and he didn't have the strength to pull away.

Will wasn't upset about it. How could he be? Nothing matter in those few, blurry hours.

Instead of pushing him away, Will leaned up to Hannibal's ear this time, getting on his toes a bit to reach the tall man. "I'm terrible at it."

He felt Hannibal's face widen with a smile, their cheeks brushing against each other for the briefest moment. Then he felt long fingers curling around his, sneaking over his knuckles like a snake in tall grass.

"Show me," he urged.

Will didn't know how they ended up in the basement, or how he got another cup in his hand, or how he managed to empty it all in one go again. All he remembered was dancing. When was the last time he danced? When he was a child?

Instead of worrying about all his obligations, he danced in the crowd with Hannibal, jumping around to the beat as the lights flashed around everyone. Hannibal didn't have a care in the world and now he was making Will believe he shouldn't have one either.

Then, suddenly, Will felt hands around his neck, but they were too slender to belong to Hannibal. Will could make out her perfume and large, blue eyes. Everything else was a blur. Experimentally, in the dark, his hands slid around her waist.

He liked how small she felt in his hands, especially when he felt so small himself. She spun, so her backside was pressed against Will. He held in a gasp as she began grinding against him. He didn't know what to do or where to put his hands.

Like he knew of his distress, Hannibal slid behind Will, pressing his chest against him. He grabbed Will's wrist and pulled it off the girl. "Grab her hair, instead."

Will couldn't do that. He shook his head.

"Like this," he heard in his ear. Hannibal's free hand was curling into his hair, slithering to the back of his head. A thrilling sensation shot down to Will's toes when Hannibal tightened his grip.

Will moaned unintentionally, thankful that it was drowned out by the music.

"See?" Hannibal said in his ear, his breath heating over his skin like hellfire. "Go on."

Hannibal released him and guided Will's wrist towards the girl, so Will could copy his technique. The stranger vocally enjoyed it, leaning up to press against Will tantalizingly. Then his mouth was pressing against her neck, like he saw Hannibal's against Alana not that long ago. She tasted like lotion and sweat mixed together.

After a few moments of exploring her skin, he realized couldn't feel Hannibal behind him anymore.

When he looked up, there was no trace of the backwards baseball hat.

His hands left the girl in an instant and he made his way to the stairs. How long had he been there, fondling some stranger? He first looked in the kitchen, thinking Hannibal wanted another drink, but didn't find him there. His stomach twisted like he was going to be sick, the alcohol festering in his gut like a beautiful disease.

He went up to the second floor, gawking at the couples making out in the upper sitting room until he felt a hand grip his arm firmly.

Spinning him around, Will met eyes with Hannibal again.

"Where did you go?" he asked immediately, eyebrows pulling together in frustration.

"What're you...? Where's Alana?"

Alana? "What? I was looking for you."

There was a teasing look in his eye and a smile grew, slow at first until it spread wide. "You were?"

Will nodded, looking down at his smile and getting lost. "I don't feel good."

Hannibal chuckled, grabbing Will's hand again to lead him downstairs. Will watched the back of his head again, at his hair peaking from beneath the hat, curling around his ears. Both of them were pierced with small, golden hoops hanging from them.

When Will felt the fresh air, he audibly moaned, bent over and rested his hands on his knees. He didn't realize how hot it was inside the house until the night air patted his face.

"Come on, Will, follow me."

Will looked up, seeing him get further away. He pushed past drunk people and followed the golden hoops into the backyard. It was unoccupied, most of the fun happening in the front and inside.

When Will reached him, Hannibal sat him down in the soft grass, before finally sitting beside him. Will fell back, laying down to watch how the stars spun above him. He felt clearer

outside and his stomach relented.

"So, what do you think of Skarderud's claim?"

Will laughed, freely and loudly into the night sky. It felt like throwing a piece of weight off his chest. Like shooting Goliath between the eyes. "I think the man is onto something."

Hannibal was laughing too, lightly, as if not to interrupt Will's.

After some time, Hannibal laid back beside Will. He took off his hat and threw it aside, his thick hair falling in the grass beneath them.

"What do you think of Alana?"

Will froze at the question, looking over at his roommate. *Was I really dancing with her? Did I actually press my mouth against her neck?*

Will couldn't determine what he felt about it, or if he should address it. Hannibal, on the other hand, remained as patient as ever, waiting for Will to respond. His face showed no inclination to whatever emotion hid inside his question.

"I don't know," Will finally admitted. "She's pretty."

"Do you like her?"

"Who wouldn't?"

He laughed. "Yeah, I guess you're right. She's beautiful and her body," he sucked behind his teeth, "is to fucking die for."

Will's face went hot and impulsively, thought of Alana and Hannibal having sex. It was intrusive, but didn't make him cringe like any other time he thought about sex. He imagined Hannibal being aggressive, but Alana might like that about him. She enjoyed when Will pulled her hair, something Hannibal must have known intimately.

"Are you thinking about her right now?"

Will shook his head, pushing the intrusive thoughts away, wishing he had another drink to keep them at bay longer. "I don't think about stuff like that," he lied.

"Sex? You don't think about sex?"

"I don't know, it doesn't appeal to me. Seems like a lot of work. Unwritten rules that I never learned."

"Can I ask a personal question?"

"Isn't that what you've been doing this entire time?"

Hannibal ignored him. "Are you a virgin?"

Will's blush was fierce against his neck. He knew Hannibal could see it, as the boy turned his head to watch Will's reaction to the question. With his eyes on him, Will knew he couldn't lie. "Y-Yeah."

"*Fuck*," Hannibal sighed, shifting in his position and looking back up to the sky. "A virgin."

"You gunna tease me about it?"

"Tease you?" he asked, confused, before relaxing into more of a smile. "No, no, of course not. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

The boys fell into another silence. Will kept thinking about Hannibal's reaction to his virginity over and over again, like it was on a loop.

"You don't drink regularly, I take it."

"No, my dad was strict after what happened to my mom."

"What happened to your mom?"

Will was dizzy. Why did he bring up his mother? Why did Hannibal insist on knowing him? Maybe this is why he wanted to get Will drunk in the first place, so he would finally loosen up and answer. Hannibal didn't know that every answer Will gave, would fight it's way out if he were sober.

"She hung herself," Will admitted, his tongue as loose as a bull out of its pen. "In front of me."

Hannibal turned his head to look at Will.

"She did it in front of me," he said it again, not sure why he needed to. It made him nauseous. "While I was playing with my Lego set."

His roommate was quiet, while Will pictured the Lego set his father bought him. It was Indiana Jones because, at the time, Will wanted to be an archeologist.

"After, I did everything I could to make my dad happy. To make it better."

"Was she ill?" Hannibal asked evenly.

"To my father, she was." Will shook his head, mouth trembling from a sudden burst of emotion.

"We are more alike than you think, Will," Hannibal said, graciously taking the attention away from Will, as if sensing the boy was pushed to his limit. "My parents were killed when I was young, though it wasn't in front of me."

Will turned his head this time, to lock eyes with Hannibal. There wasn't anymore fear when holding his eyes. Now there was just a hunger to understand him, like he did to everyone else in his little hometown.

"They were murdered, though the killer was never apprehended. I was raised by my aunt."

At first, Will felt the social obligation to tell Hannibal how sorry he was for his losses. Then, he realized Hannibal didn't say it to him about his mother.

It relieved him, because Will hated when people said that to him. Hated their pity, more so than their insistence that he forgave his mother for what she did. *That* was something he could never bring himself to do.

"I understand the desire to please, to make up for a loss that you had no control over. I know it enough to understand that it will rot you from the inside out."

Will didn't say anything, just held Hannibal's gaze. Before long, they moved to the curve of his high cheekbones, down his tight jaw until finally landing on his lips.

"The need to please everyone is like a lion seeking to devour you, only it never comes. Just leaves you in quiet expectation."

"I fucking hate psychiatrists," Will admitted boldly, making Hannibal's mouth twist into a grin, until he finally laughed.

Chapter End Notes

I'm all GIDDY INSIDE guys hELP
There might actually be some plot and hit in the feels shit. Not just porn! We love when that happens!!!!
Thank you so much for commenting!
It turns me into a squealing mess and I LOVE IT

Gossip Columns and Twitter Feeds

Chapter Summary

Will is hungover and confused.

Chapter Notes

I didn't proof read because I'm sick and therefore, it is everyone's problem.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"*There's just one more thing I'd like to discuss with you, Mr. Graham,*" Will overheard his teacher say to his father. He slowed while gathering his things, taking the opportunity to eavesdrop.

Bo didn't respond, just stood there expectantly. Even from his distance, Will could smell the alcohol permeating off his father's skin, like a ripe disease. Everyone seemed to ignore it because of the tragedy they suffered. After all, if it were them, they'd turn to the bottle too.

"*Well, earlier today, I caught little Will... holding hands with another boy in class.*"

Will froze, his folder halfway inside his backpack. A million tiny needles pricked his small face.

"*Is that right?*" He could feel his father's anger bubbling fast, like it had been in the months following his mother's death.

"*He's a good boy,*" his teacher said softly, her Louisiana twang ripening in her effort to calm Bo. "*Smartest student in my class.*"

Will peeked over towards Andrew, his best friend. His stomach twisted and he swallowed the bile back down his little throat. He couldn't make a scene. It would make it worse.

"*However*," Mrs. Henderson continued. "*There are certain things I don't like to encourage in my classroom, as you can understand. So maybe y'all can have a conversation later. I'd rather not involve anyone else.*"

"*There's no need. I'll straighten it out.*"

A heavy hand gripped Will's neck, squeezing hard. Will tensed and quickly got to his feet.

"*Come on, boy, let's go*."

Will woke with a start, sweating and gasping for air.

The back of his neck was hot, like his father's hand was still there.

From the other side of the room, Will could see the other twin bed was empty. Relief washed over him. He didn't want an audience, because as soon as he got to his feet, his stomach lurched and he vomited the contents inside it into the small wastebasket under his desk.

He was never going to drink again.

As another wave of nausea began, the previous night and all that took place began dawning on him like the rising sun.

Hannibal touched him *so* much. Will admitted *so* much.

He was appalled and the sickening feeling made him vomit all over again.

Every time he thought of something else, how Hannibal touched his hand or whispered in his ear or what Will said, he cringed again.

"*Please*," he begged himself, wanting to go back in time and erase the whole night. His tongue felt swollen from all the words that passed it, words that had been stuck to his chest for years.

Will didn't want his mother plaguing him at Yale, too.

Now it seemed she would follow him wherever he went. Like a shadow, she'd wait in the corner until he was vulnerable enough to attack.

When his stomach was empty, he went about cleaning the mess he made and opened the window to get rid of the smell. He showered, though he knew he was late meeting Beverly, but needed to get the sweat of the previous night off him. Maybe then he could pretend it never happened.

"Dude!" Beverly called out, when he finally wandered into the library, looking appalled at Will's tardiness and appearance.

Beside her, sat Francis, who was shushing her and looking around to see if her loud mouth upset the library staff. Only the few students studying on a Sunday gave her a rude glare.

"I know," Will sighed, plopping his backpack on an empty chair beside him as he sat down "Sorry."

"What happened? Are you alright?" Francis asked.

"I went out last night."

Both of his friends paused, gawking at him like he grew another head. Will rolled his eyes but then winced, the pain in his head pulsing from such an action.

"It was stupid and now I'm paying for it. Let's just study."

"Woah, woah, woah," Beverly chuckled, waving her hands in the air. "Don't think you can just skirt past that. Where did you go out? What party? And why the hell wouldn't you invite us? I don't want to be known as the Yale Shrike forever, ya know!"

"Because it was last minute and I didn't even know where we were going."

"Who is we? Who is we?" Beverly kept asking while Francis continued shushing her.

"Hannibal."

She gasped. "I knew it. Did he take you to a frat?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"Sigma Chi or some shit like that."

She gasped again. "That's the best one, you ass!"

"Do you need some Tylenol?" Francis asked.

Will nodded, looking over at his docile friend, who quickly averted his own eyes. He was a handsome boy, in his own right, more anxious than Will. The more he got to know Francis, the more Will began to understand that the boy was on some level, autistic.

Francis placed three orange coated pills in the palm of Will's hand, who knocked them back without a drink and cringed at the taste left on his tongue.

"When your headache goes away, I'm gunna need you to walk me through the entire night, step by step. Until then, lay your head down and close your eyes. Francis will help me study. Deal?"

Will would have done anything to make the talking stop. He nodded, folded his arms on the table and then buried his face in them.

The small amount of peace Will was granted did not last long.

"Oh my fuck," Will heard Beverly groan. "Please, god, just let the library collapse on us all."

"Well, well, well." A shrill voice approached. "Looking a little worse for wears, Will Graham."

Will lifted his head, the pressure rolling around as he did so, to look into the eyes of a pretty red head.

He knew who she was, of course. Everyone knew Freddie Lounds. School newspaper editor in chief, with big plans of being a hot shot journalist someday. Her shiny dreams would fall short, unfortunately. In the years to come, she would become a tabloid journalist that reported lies and slander, and while it maintained a great following, she would be spat on by the real journalists for the rest of her career.

"*Everyone* is talking about you, Will."

Her words felt like an omen and Will's stomach turned. He clenched his fist to keep the vomit down. He thought his stomach was empty, but apparently not.

"Rumor is that you and your roommate got a little... how do I say this? *Comfortable* last night, at a party."

"Don't you have real news to cover on campus? Or is the newspaper a fucking gossip column now?" Beverly hissed.

"Real news is what people want to read about and this juicy bit has their mouths watering," Freddie cooed, pressing her palms on the table to lean towards Will. "Tell me, are you guys actually dating or just fooling around? Hannibal Lecter isn't one to date, let alone a cute *boy*, for that matter."

Will's face was red with anger. "We are not dating. He's my roommate."

"Don't you think it's a little funny that Hannibal isn't part of a sorority? I mean, with the amount of notoriety he has on campus, any one of them would accept the Lithuanian prince."

Lithuanian prince? Will was dumbfounded.

"Did you know he got kicked out of his other room? Did he tell you what happened with his previous roommate?"

"Freddie Lounds."

The voice sent shivers down Will's back unexpectedly. He sat up straighter to see Hannibal standing directly behind Freddie.

The red head turned with not even so much as a blush to showcase any shame. She smiled instead. "Speak of the devil and he shall appear."

Beverly and Francis exchanged a quick glance at one another, before they finally looked at Will, uncertain of what to do next.

"Did you wanna answer any of those questions yourself? I'd love to get it right from the horse's mouth."

There was something dark in Hannibal's eyes and Will saw him clench his jaw tightly, before easing the tension away with a grin. "Sorry, my English isn't the best but, did you just compare me to a horse?"

"Oh, come on now, Hannibal, we both know that's not true. You're English is remarkable for someone who has only been in this country for a couple years. You lived with your aunt before, didn't you? And your sister?"

A sister? Hannibal never mentioned her when talking about his parents.

"A pleasure, as always, Freddie," was all Hannibal said, moving to the side and holding a hand towards the direction she should head.

Freddie eyed him for a moment, weighing the odds in her head before finally sighing in surrender. "My readers are *obsessed* with you, Hannibal." She looked back to Will once more. "And I plan on giving them what they want."

The red curls bounced away like a walking fire, leaving the three gawking at the library table, while Hannibal stood with his hands in his pocket, amusement growing like a weed.

"Thanks," Will offered to Hannibal. "I thought she would never leave."

Hannibal turned to his roommate with a disarming smile. "Freddie knows no boundaries, I'm sorry she put you on the spot like that."

"No, it's fine," Will replied quickly.

While the two boys looked at each other, Beverly and Francis remained seated at the table, looking dumbfounded; observers of the conversation instead of participants.

"How are you feeling?" Hannibal asked, looking Will over and probably noticing how pale he was.

"Like shit," the boy admitted.

"So Skarderud was wrong, after all."

This made Will laugh, despite the pounding in his head. Hannibal laughed too, eying the boy like the prized snack just beyond a wall of glass.

"I'll leave some hydration packets on your desk," Hannibal said through his smile. "Take them before bed, yes? See you later. Beverly, Francis."

He only nodded at Will's two friends, not even bothering to look Francis in the eye before darting away.

The silence that followed was heavy enough to torture Will.

"Dude, he's into you." Beverly was the brave one to say it. Francis just looked down at his book and Will's stomach turned.

"That's just how Hannibal is, trust me. I live in the same room as the guy." The words came fast, as if he rehearsed them into his head for hours. "The only reason he took me out, was because he thinks its funny to see me freak out."

"Are you kidding? If Hannibal was into you, you'd be the coolest person on campus!" Beverly argued.

Will shrugged. "It makes no difference to me, if I'm being honest. I'm not gay."

Francis looked up from his textbook, a thought dancing behind his eyes but his mouth remained shut. Beverly sighed loudly enough to get more glares from the people nearby.

"Why do cool things happen to the wrong people? What a waste, man," Beverly cooed, looking up to the ceiling as if she was talking to god.

Will bit his tongue to stop himself from saying something rude. Instead, he folded his arms on the table and buried his face in them once more, pretending to go back to sleep.

Will hated Freddie Lounds. Knowing that she was going to spread lies about him to the rest of the school made his throat tighten. It was the anxiety he had walking down the streets of his hometown all over again. Could he never escape ridicule?

Though he hated her, he couldn't deny she brought up some interesting things about Hannibal.

Why *wasn't* he part of a sorority? He knew everyone at the party and introduced Will to so many people, he lost count. Will was sure Hannibal would have been recruited, sought after and maybe even fought over.

Or maybe not belonging to a fraternity was the biggest clue to Hannibal's disposition that Will had. His *true* disposition.

Though he knew everyone at the party, he never talked to them for long. He kept pulling Will away from them, especially the more they both drank. The only person he saw frequently, was Alana. Other than that, he never saw the same friend twice.

Then what about the mention of him having a sister? That was an interesting detail Hannibal chose to leave out. Did that mean something bad happened to her? Or was there a riff in their relationship?

That evening, when Will returned to the room, he was surprised to find it empty. Hannibal was nowhere to be seen, though there was evidence of him returning to the room at one point.

Will briefly thought he was partying, but it was senior night on Monday nights. That means only the seniors threw parties, and only seniors could attend.

Maybe he was with Alana.

His stomach turned at the thought of it, though he wasn't sure why. Would Hannibal be the type to want someone again, just because a friend wants the same person? *Did* Will want Alana?

When she danced with him, he enjoyed it. He kept it going, moved his hands all over her and even kissed the side of her neck. It was the most he'd ever done with a girl.

But the minute he knew Hannibal wasn't pressed up behind him, encouraging him, he abandoned Alana like she was nothing.

He wondered if she was offended by that, but unable to think any further on the matter when the door to his room swung open.

Will jumped beneath his covers, expecting an intruder and only seeing Hannibal dashing inside with a towel wrapped around his waist.

He was showering.

Will felt like an idiot and pulled out his phone so it looked like he was occupied with something other than the very wet, half-naked Hannibal waltzing towards his side of the room.

"Pardon me, Will," his roommate apologized while opening his dresser with one hand, and holding the towel together with the other. "I forgot my clothes before I went to shower."

"It's no big deal," Will reassured, staring at his Twitter feed in a desperate attempt to not look at his roommate.

It proved useless, because like a fly to shit, Will's eyes kept landing on Hannibal.

His hair was darker when wet, flattened back so Will could see the chiseled points of his face clearly. His jaw, cheekbones and prominent nose were all ridiculously complimentary to one another. A perfect recipe for extraordinary beauty.

Will secretly wished his appearance was half as interesting. Though his jaw was tight, like Hannibal's, his cheekbones weren't as chiseled. His nose wasn't as defined. The eyes his mother blessed him with, ocean blue in color, didn't hold the depth that Hannibal's dark, amber ones did.

"Tell me, Will," Hannibal began speaking as he dropped his towel. "What do you think of Freddie Lounds?"

Will's face was so hot with a blush, he was terrified Hannibal would look over and see. He shouldn't look. He most definitely shouldn't be looking.

But he was.

He was looking at Hannibal's bare legs, ass and sculpted back. There was nothing on his Twitter feed that could possibly take him away from such a sight.

Will was so distracted, he forgot to answer. So after a moment of silence, Hannibal turned with briefs in hand to look over at Will. It allowed Will to catch a glimpse of his cock before shooting his eyes back towards his phone.

"She's... distasteful," Will said after swallowing hard. His stomach was warm and turning. Not quite with disgust, but like he kicked back a shot of alcohol.

"Do you have trouble with taste?" He could almost hear the smile in Hannibal's tone.

He loves making me feel uncomfortable.

It angered Will a little bit, falling into such a trap. Hannibal *was* in the room before showering and left his clothes behind on purpose, perhaps hoping Will would be around when he returned. Then he brings up Freddie Lounds, who is spreading rumors about the two of them, while dropping his towel and standing naked to see what Will would do next.

Will fell for it, of course, drinking his roommates body in like he was beholding some god. The image of Hannibal's cock was burned into his memory, flashing behind his eyes.

No son of mine, Will could hear his father's voice echoing, *is gunna turn out to be some fag, you hear me? That disease ends with your fucking mother.*

But Bo's voice didn't stop Will from thinking about Hannibal's naked body. Instead, he looked up from his phone and back towards his roommate, defiantly trying to prove he wasn't as unsettled as he was.

"My thoughts are often not tasty," Will admitted, letting his gaze fall over Hannibal's chest.

"Mine either," Hannibal confessed, seeming to enjoy Will's attention more than anything he could have said. "No effective barriers. Much like Ms. Lounds."

Hannibal bent over to pull up his briefs and Will watched the entire action. He was tired of granting Hannibal these little victories over him. For once, his pride overshadowed the fear inside his belly, mixed with the excitement he felt.

"What do you think of her obsession?" Hannibal asked, picking up his wet towel and laying it over his desk chair.

"I don't find you that interesting."

The unexpected answer made Hannibal turn towards him briefly, a laugh escaping his chest.

"You will," Hannibal promised.

Will looked back to his phone, keeping his face as expressionless as possible, scrolling through his Twitter feed with a raging hard-on between his legs.

Hannibal wasn't the only one who seemed to enjoy the attention.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact!-- I was sick to my stomach after I kissed a girl for the first time (and a couple times after that).
Internalized homophobia can run so deep, it can make you ill and question everything.
It was my trauma and disgust for something my family instilled in me since I was a child, that made me sick, not the fact that I was kissing a beautiful girl.
So I definitely used some of that in my writing. Thank you for indulging me<3

Analyst and Overthinker

Chapter Summary

Will can't stop thinking about Hannibal

Chapter Notes

no picture because my laptop is still broken and i've lost my reason to live.
some warnings: homophobic things said, in case that is triggering to anyone

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Had Will ever noticed someone *so* much?

It was like a plague, cursing him with the acute awareness of how every muscle moved on Hannibal's body. He could see it naked beneath the clothes his roommate wore, burning in his mind's eye at the most inconvenient times.

Usually, Will's thoughts were focused internally. He analyzed himself every moment of the day. Each action, conversation and reaction were torn apart and dissected to death.

That habit now rolled over onto Hannibal, and Will was overthinking *everything* his roommate did around him. Every sentence, accidental touch and late night run-in was considered again and again and again.

While it took time to adjust to his college schedule and how to navigate around campus, in time he not only mastered it--he perfected it. He was just as much of an analyst as he was an over-thinker.

This allowed him to form the best strategies for getting to certain classes on time, which shortcuts he could get away with and what buildings to avoid at busy hours. Once that was memorized and executed, it freed up his mind to focus on something much more captivating, like Hannibal.

This meant his grades began to slip a little, which he wasn't looking forward to confessing to his father when he called one Sunday morning.

"I tried to call ya yesterday, why didn't ya call me back?" was the first thing he asked.

Will sighed. "I'm sorry, I was studying all day for midterms. Then I was so tired, I passed out around nine."

It wasn't entirely a lie. He *tried* to sleep at nine, but ended up laying there until Hannibal crept in around midnight. Will quickly pretended he was already asleep, so he could hear if Hannibal brought someone back to the room. He was unaccompanied, thankfully, so Will could then doze off in peace.

His father only mumbled something on the other end of the line, too low for Will to hear.

"Well, how's school going, then?"

"It's goin' alright, just trying not to get burnt out. I dropped a little in Environmental Studies." Will dropped in a few other classes, but his heart was beating so fast, he decided to keep the others to himself. He would bring all his scores back up without his father knowing they dropped in the first place.

"Better make sure you focus on your studies and that's it, nothin' else matters but getting your degree. I know them kids like to party up there, but that's not what it's about, boy."

Will swallowed hard. "Yes, sir."

"How are ya doing with money? Got a good amount left?"

The last question solidified why his father was really calling. "Yeah," Will lied. "I've actually saved a lot of it."

"Okay, good," his father paused for a bit, perhaps trying to swallow the shame for what he was going to say next. "Shop ain't doin' too good, not enough boats need fixin', so... can't really be sending you a whole lotta money for the next couple weeks."

October is the best fishing for tuna in the entire state of Louisiana. Every backwoods redneck would be running to get their boats checked and inspected before the season starts.

It meant his father was either telling the truth and everyone was skipping tuna for the year, or he relapsed. Will expected the later when he left for college, knowing to keep his expectations low. The possibility didn't sting anymore, not like it did when he was a kid, finding out Bo broke another promise of sobriety.

"It's fine, daddy," Will reassured him, hating how thick his accent was when speaking to his father. "You know I'm good with a budget."

"Yea I know," his father chuckled a little, halfheartedly. "You know I love you, right?"

Definitely relapsed.

Just as he was about to reply, Hannibal opened the door to their room and waltzed in wearing nothing but a pair of shorts, with a backpack slung over his shoulder. Will's eyes raked over his chest and the tattoos sporadically placed all over.

Hannibal smiled in his direction and nodded, before stepping towards his desk to place his backpack on it.

"Will?" his father said on the other end of the line. "Did you hear me?"

"N-No, sorry, you're breaking up," Will lied, again. "Say it once more."

"You know I love you, right?"

"Of course I do, daddy," he finally answered, catching how Hannibal's shoulders tensed slightly at the sound of his accent. Will bit his tongue. He'd been able to hide it so well before that. "I love you, too."

Will's eyes dipped to the rest of Hannibal's back, how the muscles pulled and stretched as he took his books out of his backpack and placed them neatly on the desk. How his tattoos rippled and danced over his smooth skin.

You know what happens to fags, Will?

He freezes as the memory explodes into view and all of a sudden, he's a little kid again and his father is towering over him during a drunken fit.

They die young. God makes sure of it.

"I gotta go meet some friends to study, so I'll let ya go," Will managed to choke out, trying to keep his breathing even. "I'll call you in a couple days, okay?"

When the call ended, Will's eyes slammed shut in an attempt to calm himself down. His heart was racing and his stomach turned to the point of being nauseating.

I feel like I'm going to die.

A cold sweat formed on his forehead. Will understood it to be an oncoming panic attack, as he'd experienced it once before as a child. He remembered why he hated it so much the first time. Nothing infuriated him more than being so out of control.

"Will?"

He opened his eyes to see Hannibal approaching him.

"Are you alright?"

The older boy's voice was serious, but raspy, like he'd been hollering earlier that day.

Will didn't get the chance to answer, because Hannibal grabbed his face with both hands. His palms were cold against Will's cheeks, but he held on firmly anyway.

"Look at me," Hannibal ordered. "Take this deep breath with me. Ready?"

The inhale took about four seconds, then held it for two, before releasing it with another four.

"Do you see the tattoo on my left shoulder?"

What first looked like a bunch of random brushstrokes, turned into a tattoo of a knight riding on a horse upon further inspection. Hidden within the two was a cleverly placed *L*.

The design made it look like someone used a calligraphy brush on his tanned, summer skin.

"It's the Lithuanian coat of arms," Hannibal answered after a moment of silence. "That's where I'm from, Lithuania. It's a way to show the pride I have in my heritage."

Will was so taken by the sight, so taken with everything Hannibal said, he didn't realize that his heart slowed a bit. Each breath was a little easier to take than the last.

Hannibal didn't let go.

"You hide that accent very well," he said with a small smile. "Though it comes out when you're drunk."

A blush heated his cheeks and probably Hannibal's cool hands. "You're an asshole."

~*~

The fascination with Hannibal was getting out of control and Will knew it.

To help remedy the problem, he made sure to be out of the room whenever Hannibal was around. Most of the time he would go to the library, sometimes to Bethany and Francis' room to study.

The more distant he was from Hannibal, the better off he was.

One evening, Francis went back to their room to finish up a project for Criminal Psychology. It was a fake case that had multiple outcomes. It was up to the two students partnered up to decide which one was correct based on the evidence.

Normally, Will wouldn't chance bringing someone back to his room, but it was Thursday. Hannibal has classes until late in the evening and usually goes out after to let off steam.

Therefore, he thought they had hours of guaranteed peace, to finish their project without distractions.

How was Will supposed to know that Hannibal planned to skip all his classes that day?

The door barged open and Hannibal was the first inside, hair pulled back with his leather jacket on, eyes raking all over Francis and Will sitting on the floor. Will's mouth hung open in surprise, then closed out of irritation when he saw Jimmy, Brian and Frederick waltz in behind their leader.

Hannibal didn't stay around the same group for very long, and it had been months since he'd seen the three. Will wondered if Hannibal filtered through everyone and circled back to the beginning already.

"Apologies, I didn't think you'd be here," Hannibal offered.

"I could say the same thing," Will responded, looking back down at the papers.

There was some snickering of the boys, who were busy pulling out bottles of vodka Hannibal stored under his bed. They weren't a brand everyone drank. No, of course not. It was some obscure Norwegian vodka that no one heard of before that only real fans of drinking would know of.

Will could tell Francis was uncomfortable, especially when the boys began drinking. They behaved like your typical white frat boys—ridiculous, obnoxious and extremely privileged. It was enough to make anyone uncomfortable.

They didn't get very far on their project, because by the fourth round of shots, the boys got louder. Will heard Jimmy say the words, *cleft head*. The word hit Francis like a brick and his shoulders tensed immediately.

"Excuse me?" Will heard himself ask.

All four boys looked over at him. He didn't care. His face was burning, but so was his anger.

Francis had a cleft lip, something Will knew he was extremely sensitive about, despite them never talking about it.

"Don't," Francis whispered, patting the papers in front of them to take his attention away from the snickering boys. Refusing to bring his eyes upward, visibly drowning in over-stimulation.

"If you have something to say, speak up or get out. We're trying to finish a project."

"Well *excuse me*," Jimmy giggled, holding his hands in the air after downing another shot. "I didn't know your boyfriend was so sensitive. My family has a good surgeon on retainer. I could give you his number, Francis."

Hannibal was silently sitting on his bed as everyone else drank, observing the two on the other side of the room with a curious eye. Waiting to see what would happen.

"If we were interrupting something, we're happy to go." This time it was Frederick, the twitchy wannabe, who had a myriad of inappropriate allegations hurled at him as soon as school started. "I'm not trying to see gay shit."

This made Hannibal snap his eyes at Frederick, but Will was already standing. It was the final straw. Francis grabbed Will's sleeve, but nothing could stop him.

"Well you know all about that, right Jimmy?" Will asked, blind with fury and wanting to hurt them all as much as possible. "Your daddy taught you, after all."

The room fell into complete silence as Jimmy's face sank to the floor.

A shot in the dark, really, but by Jimmy's expression, he shot right in the head. There were a few mannerisms that gave him away. The same mannerisms his best friend, Andrew, had in grade school.

"Better watch your mouth, Miss Graham." Brian was the next to speak. Being the closest to Jimmy, he must know that particular secret, because he stepped in front of his stunned friend in defense. "We don't fight like you Louisiana girls, we go for the fucking kill."

His heart was thrumming in his ear, but he couldn't stop himself from laughing, loudly. He knew Hannibal was watching closely, eyes raking all over his face, but it only seemed to encourage his boldness.

"You think that's funny?" Frederick asked, standing up as well.

"I think it's hilarious," Will answered while trying to control his laughter.

Francis was standing now, pulling on Will's sleeve to get him to stop moving towards Frederick, Jimmy and Brian.

"You have a better chance of getting fucked by the Statue of Liberty, than by that kid right there," Will said to Jimmy, pointing towards Hannibal.

Two hands, belonging to Brian, pressed against Will's chest hard enough to knock him back into Francis, who caught him just in time.

Hannibal was between them all, pushing the boys further away from Will and towards the door. Jimmy was fighting against his friend the hardest to get to Will. Understandably so.

They were yelling every slur they could think of, hurling them towards Will to make up for how he hurt them. Will stood and watched Hannibal usher them out of the room, his chest and cheeks stinging.

He didn't feel better for exposing Jimmy or any of the boys. He felt like a bully.

Though the three, especially Frederick, deserved a bit of karma for the hell they raised on a daily basis, Will couldn't help but recall his childhood. The bullies that picked on him, how they were running from their own problems and projecting them onto others.

This time, it was Will acting ignorant to his own behavior. It was Will who was projecting.

That night, Will laid in bed unable to sleep.

Hannibal stumbled in ten minutes shy of midnight. It was a bit early, but not surprising given how early they started.

Will listened as Hannibal undressed and uncapped a bottle of water, guzzling it down and squeezing the plastic when it was finished.

They laid in their own beds for a while. Will looked over to peek at Hannibal.

Will tried to imagine what his roomate could be thinking while lying there. Was he disgusted by Will's behavior earlier that day? Excited by it? Surprised?

He'd be up all night going through the possibilities, his anxiety pushing for the absolute worst.

"You are naturally empathetic," Hannibal said out loud, breaking the silence and quieting Will's brain.

Should he pretend he was still sleeping? Or did Hannibal already know he was awake?

"I guess," Will finally answered after a moment.

"How did you know about Jimmy?"

Will still felt ashamed that he brought up someone's childhood trauma to use as a weapon. The sting of it made his breath shaky. "I share a class with Jimmy. AP Mathematics. Mr. Jennings. Do you know him?"

"Yes," Hannibal answered simply.

"Then you know how loud he is. Jimmy freezes anytime he's called on. Only for a second, but he does it every time."

"And that means he was abused as a child?"

"Well, my best friend in grade school used to do something similar and I knew he was getting abused at home."

Will heard movement. Hannibal sat up in his bed and swung his legs off the side, as if he was ready to get up. "How could those two things coincide logically? Jimmy could just be easily startled."

Will didn't sit up, but kept looking over to Hannibal's figure in the dark, trying to make out his expression. "I thought that at first, too, but last week, Mr. Jennings touched his shoulder while trying to get his attention. Jimmy dropped everything in his hand, even the coffee he made during breakfast. There was something about how he tried to play it off. The blush on his cheeks. I understood then."

The dark figure approached, making Will sit up in a panic. If he got hit, it would be deserved. Will wasn't a bully or an asshole by nature.

His mattress dipped as Hannibal sat on it and a wave of his scent suffocated Will, making him blush. He smelled like alcohol.

"How do you see me?" he asked.

Will swallowed hard. "Uh..."

"Say whatever you want."

It wasn't a good idea, because Will was fairly certain what he believed about Hannibal was right. It would change the way his roommate looked at him. Exposing vulnerabilities has a

way of doing that. He was sure Jimmy would never lock eyes with him again.

He obliged anyway.

"You wear a mask so well, I almost believed it."

Hannibal was silent.

"Cleverly placed, too. A cocky European, with plans of big money and success in his field someday. You use that to your advantage, along with your uncanny ability to manipulate the people around you."

Will began to smile because he *knew* he was enticing Hannibal. The glint of excitement in his roommate's eye was unmistakable and an absolute thrill to have directed at you.

"I can see beneath the smile and what I see, is something dark. Depthless."

He'd been thinking about Hannibal so much, the words poured out of him without a second thought.

"I think you hate them all. Every single one of them. You think they're pathetic, beneath your standards and unworthy of your friendship. But you keep things the way they are. Why? Why do you cater to them? Unless," Will pondered with a grin. "Unless you get off on being aware of it all, knowing they'll never get to see the man beneath the mask. It's a power thing, right? That kind of knowledge. You get off on it."

He waited to get hit or laughed at or discredited, but Hannibal just sat there staring at him in the dark. He wasn't sure how long, but it felt like forever.

That is, until Hannibal leaned forward and pressed their lips together.

Chapter End Notes

i'd like to taste alcohol on hannibal's lips

Norwegian Vodka

Chapter Notes

sorry this took so long

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tu varai mane iš proto.
You drive me crazy.

For the first time in his life, Will wasn't thinking.

He could only feel Hannibal's lips on his own, the older prying the younger's open to slide his tongue inside. Everything else was foggy, distant and ridiculously unimportant.

"You're right," Hannibal breathed against his shaking skin, pinning Will down on his own bed and crawling on top of him. "I hate them all."

It was nothing like kissing Alana. Hannibal kissed like a starving man, greedy and all-consuming. It set Will on fire.

"But I don't hate *you*."

The young man's stomach twisted unmistakably and heat bloomed between his legs. It was the strongest thing he could remember feeling and the fever of it all began drowning out his panic. The thoughts in his head were no longer master over him. Instead, he found himself chasing pleasure, something that felt so primal and natural. His hips pressed upward, allowing his hard cock to rub against Hannibal's.

"*Fuck*," his roommate gasped, pressing down to chase the feeling. "Tu varai mane iš proto."

He didn't know what language Hannibal spoke, but hearing his voice so full of lust, was like a wet tongue riding up his cock. Will whimpered.

Disgusting.

His father's voice was so clear, it was as if he stood in their room, watching with horrified eyes.

They deserve hell, that's all I know.

Invisible hands, strong like Bo's, pulled Will halfway back inside himself. He pushed Hannibal back, keeping his hands firmly on his roommate's chest to keep them apart. Though the room was dark, he could make out Hannibal's eyes, piercing at him in the night as they struggled to catch their breath.

There was a taste of Norwegian vodka left in his mouth, so Will licked at his puffy lips to chase the flavor absentmindedly.

Groaning at the sight, Hannibal swiped the hands off his chest and pulled them together once more.

Will never smoked in his life, but feeling Hannibal's decisive mouth again *had* to be like giving into the habit and lighting up one last time. The thrill of it tickled the inside of Will's thighs, making his cock painfully hard.

Still, the boy managed to fight back. He bit at Hannibal's lips with desire and hatred in equal measure. The older boy appeared drunk with such behavior, allowing his hands to explore Will's body.

When fingers brushed over his nipple, an electrifying sensation ran down to Will's toes. It felt good, to be touched this way. He didn't think it could feel that good.

"Beautiful," Hannibal groaned, biting his bottom lip hard and sucking it in his mouth.

Disgusting.

Will's stomach twisted again, so much so, he thought he would be sick.

So he shoved Hannibal again, slipping out from under him and running out the door. He didn't even bother to put on his shoes.

"Will, stop!"

He didn't stop. He kept running until he was outside of their dorm and felt the crisp, October air cool his steaming skin. Releasing an audible sigh, he closed his eyes in hopes that when he opened them again, the memory of what he did would be forgotten.

In that dark room, he was going to let Hannibal do whatever he wanted. He was so close.

"I'm sorry, Will," he heard Hannibal apologizing behind him. "It just came over me."

Will's stomach turned at the sound of his roommate's voice. God, he was so embarrassed. Even with the cold wind whipping against his half naked body, he could feel the shame of it all heating his cheeks.

"I understand this is a lot for you..." Hannibal's voice trailed off, like he was trying to think of how to finish his sentence.

Will took the opportunity to turn around and face him. "How many times do I have to tell you that I'm not gay?"

The words felt like poison coming off his tongue and dripping its acid down his chin. Hannibal looked at him hard.

"Don't fucking look at me like that."

"What happened to make you this way?"

"Excuse me?" The vulnerability and sadness was filtering into another emotion that could protect him. Anger. He could feel it hot beneath his skin.

"Internalized homophobia."

"Fuck you!" Will yelled, shoving him as hard as he could.

Though Hannibal stumbled back, he didn't keep the distance. He approached his roommate again, this time, close enough so that Will could smell the alcohol still on his breath and remember the taste. "I am not ashamed of my desire, Will."

"If you ever touch me again," the younger boy warned through closed teeth. "I will fucking kill you, do you understand me?"

An array of reactions to his threat was expected, but nothing prepared him for Hannibal's actual reaction. He didn't seem upset, frightened or sad. He seemed *thrilled*. His eyes were shining, pupils dilated and the hint of a grin showing in the corner of his mouth.

It infuriated Will, so before he did something stupid, he stormed back inside the building.

Hannibal didn't return to their room that night.

~*~

Will doesn't see Hannibal again until two days after their fight. They don't exchange a single word. Barely even look at one another.

It's as if a wall of ice grew through their room, separating them completely.

Will can't describe how it makes him feel. At first, he thought the mixed feelings were due to confronting Hannibal. After all, he'd never threatened another person before. It wasn't like him, but whenever Hannibal was around, it's as if he turned into another person completely.

The ache he felt was something new. The first couple of days, he thought he was getting sick, but as time went by, he realized it was a certain kind of longing. The kind of ache you get when the heart isn't where your feet are, though you can't think of where it might belong.

Then, with horror, he realized he longed for one more cigarette. The thrill of lighting up one last time. That wasn't possible, however, because if he gave in a little, he would fall into it and never find his way out again.

His father would never forgive him for it, and he wouldn't forgive himself.

The next week passed with the ache sitting right on his chest, driving him mad.

Hannibal only showed up three times in the span of that week, leaving Will to wildly assume where he was going. Then he would catch himself thinking about it, and vow to let it all go once more.

Will's grades began to improve, however. Hell, even Freddie Lounds grew bored and left him alone. All in all, life went well without Hannibal around.

So why did Will find himself outside of Alana Bloom's door?

What was the old saying? Don't poke the sleeping bear?

Here he was, poking at the bear's ex.

"Will?" Alana said when she opened the door, a smile growing on her face. "I haven't seen you in a while, though that *is* partially my fault. So busy with my workload."

"Yeah, same here, I get it," Will laughed nervously. "I just... wanted to see you."

Alana's blue eyes seemed to search for something before she opened her door further, inviting Will inside.

She was by herself, thank god, but when the door shut behind them, Will's palms began to sweat. Did she think he was here to hook up? Or is he crazy and normal people don't think about this all the time?

"Is everything okay, Will?"

After jumping from the sound of her voice, Will ran a hand over his sweaty forehead. "Yes, sorry, I'm just on edge lately. I just... About the party, I-"

Alana held her hand up to stop him, shaking her head. "I sensed your anxiety the moment I met you, ya know, so I can gather how your mind might work. Don't let yourself dissect this one. We were at a party, both of us were drinking, and we kissed. We're adults. Adults can do that every now and again, if they want to."

Will felt his neck heat with a blush, thinking back to kissing her and remembering how soft her lips were. Then he thought of Hannibal's lips and it made his blush deepen.

"Y-You'll make a good psychiatrist one day," Will said to her, smiling to try and relieve some of the tension lingering.

She nodded. "I try." A cheeky smile, before softening it. "Is that what you came here for? Some kind of reassurance?"

"Yeah, and..." Will swallowed hard. "I want to talk to you about Hannibal."

Her face fell a bit, the soft smile fading into a frown. "Right. He stayed here a couple nights last week. I haven't really seen him since then."

"We had a fight."

"I see," she replied. The subject of Hannibal seemed to make her uncomfortable. "That happened with his last roommate, too. Don't feel bad. Hannibal isn't the easiest guy to live with."

Will's attention peaked like the morning sun at the mention of Hannibal's previous roommate. He forgot all about it, even though Freddie Lounds mentioned it that day in the library.

"What happened with his last roommate?" Will couldn't help but ask.

Alana sighed, like she didn't want to talk about it.

"Please," he pressed. "I'm just... trying to understand the guy."

It wasn't a lie and Alana seemed able to tell. She nodded and cleared her throat. "Around the end of the semester last year, I got a call from Hannibal that his roommate was being rushed to the hospital."

"What happened to him?"

"They said he choked on his own tongue, while Hannibal was in the shower. By the time he came out, his roommate was practically purple."

It was easy to imagine the scene and though Will knew he'd panic in a situation like that, something inside told him that Hannibal wouldn't. Perhaps he even took his time calling the ambulance.

"They were able to save him, thank god. Whenever Hannibal came around, though, he would freak the fuck out. Something about Hannibal triggered him so badly, they needed to be separated for the safety of the kid's mental health."

"Didn't anyone question why Hannibal was such a trigger?"

Alana could see where Will was going, her eyes danced around his face in thought. "Yes," she began. "They did, but no one was able to get a clear answer. His therapist said it was because Hannibal found him, so whenever he came around, it triggered the feeling of suffocating."

"Do you think that's why?"

She didn't answer right away, instead looked around her room as if someone was watching her. Or perhaps she was desperate for the subject to change.

"Are you scared of him?"

She laughed. "Of Hannibal? No, definitely not. I've known him for years and in that time, I've never seen a sliver of violence. There are times he is intimidating, yes, but never physical. He's just blunt and to be honest, a pompous asshole. His roommate couldn't stand him, and in a traumatic event, it's not unlikely to attach that trauma to a person you hate. In turn, the blame further villainizes your enemy."

In his mind's eye, he could see Hannibal with a towel wrapped around his waist, still dripping from the shower and eyes calmly watching his roommate suffocate. He could see it so clearly, he was the one suffocating on the bed, clawing at his throat to clear his airway.

Instead of running for help, grabbing a phone to call the ambulance, Hannibal simply approaches, looks down and smiles.

It's not a cocky smile, or one laced with hatred.

It's simply... amusement.

"Will?"

Blinking his eyes, the picture faded from his mind and he could see Alana's blue eyes again.

"You alright?"

Fumbling and unable to explain what happened to him, he offered his apologies and left her room.

What should he do?

Logically, the safe thing would be to apply for a transfer. Students must do it all the time, or at least try to. Maybe with Hannibal's past issues, the staff would be more willing to accommodate.

But even as Will returned to his room and looked over at Hannibal's empty bed, he felt it.

Longing. *Longing*. Unbearable longing.

He just hallucinated that Hannibal was watching him suffocating with a smile, and yet he still feels that horrible, hideous ache. Wanting a cigarette. To light up again.

His answer was to do what he vowed he would never do again.

He crawled underneath Hannibal's bed and pulled out a bottle of Norwegian vodka.

~*~

It was late by the time the door to their room unlocked and swung open. Will didn't have time to hide the bottle clearly sitting on his nightside table. All he could do, was lay there and pretend to be asleep. It wasn't hard. Will was *very* drunk.

He could hear Hannibal's footsteps approaching, heard the bottle being lifted, examined and then placed back down.

The older boy reeked of weed. It was so strong Will fought not to scrunch his nose.

It was always a question whether or not Hannibal smoked weed. The former nicotine addiction was well known, but the weed must be an alternative. Is marijuana like nicotine? Will never tried either.

When he heard Hannibal collapse on his bed with a sigh, Will dared to peek his eyes open, confident that his roommate wouldn't get up to turn on the light.

It took a while for the room to stop spinning and his eyes to adjust to the darkness, but when he did, he watched the still figure on the twin bed opposite of the room. It'd been a while since he looked at Hannibal without darting his eyes instantly away. The alcohol drowned out that anxiety, so he was able to observe without being in a hurry to look away.

Then, after five minutes or an hour, Will couldn't tell, Hannibal kicked the covers off him a bit. Will was cozy underneath his comforter and didn't think the room was hot, but watched Hannibal anyway. The alcohol fused together with the longing he felt, tempting him to sneak across the room and climb on top of the older boy.

Then, as if sensing Will's dirty thought, Hannibal reached down and rubbed a hand over his cock.

Will's face instantly heated.

Is he doing what I think he's doing?

Sure enough, he could see the silhouette of his roommate, stretched out on his twin bed, with one hand behind his head and the other provocatively rubbing between his legs.

How often did he touch himself while Will slept just across the room? It would infuriate anyone else. It would *disgust* anyone else.

Will couldn't look away.

Hannibal exhaled sharply, the hand behind his head moving to his chest, legs parting wide enough for one to dangle off the edge of the bed. He everything so gracefully, even the act of masturbating was artfully done. His back was arching ever-so-slightly and the stroking motions sped up a bit.

Will felt himself harden as he wondered what Hannibal was thinking about. Did he have to think about anything?

Was he thinking about me?

Then Hannibal groaned, low and involuntary. It tickled Will down to his toes.

It was provocative and wrong, but he couldn't stop himself from reaching between his legs and rubbing his own leaking cock. It felt so good to touch it, Will had to bite his lip to remain silent.

Imagination will always be a tool pointed at both ends. It will help him in his career, but in his personal life, it was hell. With Hannibal breathing so heavily across the room, all Will had to do was close his eyes. The picture practically painted itself.

Hannibal was on top of him, grunting as he rutted himself against Will. Animalistic and with a need only to satisfy the hunger between their legs. Those breathy moans would be because of Will, because of how badly he wanted him.

"Fuck," Hannibal breathed, his orgasm taking hold of him.

Will bit his bottom lip so hard, he tasted blood. His hand was drenched in his cum, his body throbbing from the intensity of it.

Both of the boys remained still. Only Hannibal's breath could be heard in the air, as Will did everything he could to hide his own.

If Will wasn't drunk, the anxiety of what he did would be suffocating him.

Instead, he let his body lax after the intensity of pleasure and quickly drifted off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

im really sick and really high and really horny
love you all<3

Library Confession and Bloody Sinks

Chapter Notes

It's taken me forever. I know.

Warnings: a little bit of self harm action/talk, very mild but wanted to put a warning just in case that is triggering to anyone

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will tried to tell Beverly, he really did. They sat alone in the library, a rare moment, before Francis arrived. It was the perfect opportunity, but every time he opened his mouth, the wrong words came tumbling out. He commented on the latest streaker that outdid Beverly in her first month on campus. Hell, he even brought up Freddie Lounds, while managing to avoid the subject of Hannibal altogether.

It wasn't until Francis arrived, that he finally worked up the nerve. He needed to talk to *someone*, embarrassing as it was.

After the previous nights jerking debacle, he could stand it no longer. Hannibal couldn't live alone in his brain anymore, it was proving detrimental to his mental health. A good cure would be a rational mind bringing him back to reality, or as close as he could get.

"Will, is something wrong?" Francis asked, not looking away from his friend.

After swallowing hard, the young boy rubbed a hand over his sweaty forehead. It was now or never. "I'm just... uh..."

"You look pale," Francis commented. "Are you coming down with something? I know the flu is going around."

Beverly looked from her textbook to see Will's response. Why is it so hard to come out with it? "I'm just... going through something right now."

Beverly could keep quiet no longer. "Do you wanna talk about it?"

Will nodded. "It's about Hannibal-"

"*I knew it,*" Beverly hissed, slamming her textbook shut in a showy display. "Did something happen between you two?"

Emotion bloomed in Will's chest and he did everything he could to swallow it back down. It remained, however, like a pill stuck in your throat. "Not exactly it's just-"

"Did he do something weird?"

A memory flashed through Will's mind, the dark silhouette of Hannibal's form, pawing between his own legs as Will looked on. He swallowed hard again.

"I heard some things about his last roommate that seem sketchy," Beverly continued, unaware of Will's inner crisis.

His imagination played something new, not quite a memory, but clear enough to be mistaken as one. It was Hannibal coming out of the shower, gripping the towel at his waist with one hand, as Will choked on his own tongue. Amber eyes, steady and dilated, watch as Will claws at his neck, desperate for air. A small smile growing on his face. *Pleasure*.

"*Beverly*," Francis groaned. "Can he finish?"

She held her hands in the air with a nod. "Sorry, I got a little excited. Go on, Will."

Will shook his head as if he could shake away the image of Hannibal watching him die. "Well, there is a lot I haven't told you guys," the boy finally begins. "Mostly because I was trying to figure it out on my own, but that's driving me fucking insane."

"You can trust us," Francis reassured.

Will desperately wanted to believe that. "We... we kind of kissed."

Beverly's mouth hung open and Francis remained still as a statue.

The embarrassment was overwhelming and his friends shocked silence didn't help matters. His face was burning with a blush, so he nervously talked to fill the air. "It just sort of happened and I pushed him off me because I didn't want anything to happen. I'm... I'm not gay."

Despite the horrors coming out of his mouth, Beverly and Francis didn't dare interrupt.

"Jesus I can't get it out of my head. I can't get *him* out of my head. It's becoming obsessive. I'm fixated on his every mood and intention. It's interfering with my entire life and I don't know what to do. Should I try to transfer?"

As if waking from an enchanted slumber, the question woke Beverly out of her shock. She placed a slender hand over Will's, the touch calming his pulse a tad. "Can I be honest with

you, Will?"

Francis narrowed his eyes, as if he was skeptical of Beverly's tact. Will simply nodded, knowing he needed it put bluntly, telling himself not to drown in whatever came out of his friend's mouth. "You both are my friends, something that doesn't come easy to me in the first place. I need your opinion."

Beverly closed her eyes with a nod, taking a deep breath. "Honestly," she released a sigh, opening her eyes with a small smile. "I don't think this is something to be terrified of, Will. It sounds like a crush."

"B-But-"

She held up her hand to keep him silent. "Maybe it's time to come to terms with how you really feel. Have you ever had a crush on someone before?"

Oddly enough, Alana's blue eyes popped into his head. He could suddenly taste her skin on his tongue as if his lips were recently on her. "I-I don't know. I didn't think I was capable."

"Okay well, the first time I had a crush on someone, I thought of getting their name tattooed on my wrist. Imagine getting the name Michael on your wrist."

The tension eased as Will chuckled, thankful for Beverly's words.

"What about you Francis? Have you had a crush before?" Beverly asked, trying to include the third person present.

The quiet boy blushed slightly, but cleared his throat in an attempt to cover it. "I did once, yeah. It just means you think about them a lot, want their attention and enjoy their company."

"That's a very logical explanation, yes," Beverly huffed. "My advice, Will? Take labels out of this for a second. Think about how you feel around Hannibal. How is it different from everyone else? How do you feel when he is in the room?"

Francis seemed like he wanted to add something, but kept his lips tightly shut.

"I've got news for you, buddy, being gay isn't that big of a deal. I know it might be different where you're from, but you aren't in Kansas anymore. This is your chance to see if what you're feeling is valid."

"Just be careful," Francis finally added. "Hannibal is known to use people. Play with them."

Will knew that better than anyone and yet... he couldn't deny how his mind drifted to his older roommate every chance it got. His heart leapt when Hannibal walked into a room. It wasn't something fabricated from his active imagination. His reaction was *real*. Primal. Regardless of the label attached to it.

"Just be easy on yourself. I feel like you have all these expectations of how you should feel, so much so that you forget to just let yourself actually feel. You have plenty of time to get stuck in your ways when you're fifty. Until then, why close a door?"

Francis nodded his head. "Either way, we will be here for you."

Emotion swelled in Will once again. How easy it is to forget what it's like to have people looking after you. Will hasn't felt it since grade school, when his mother died.

The foreign feeling caused him to uncomfortably anticipate the 'gotcha!' moment. When the rug gets cruelly pulled from underneath him.

But there was none.

There was no sweeping moment that left him defenseless. No hook came to yank him off the stage.

Beverly and Francis just smiled softly, urging the next round of studying to continue.

Friendship.

~*~

"What happened to your lip?"

Will's body reacted immediately and a blush burned his cheeks as he sat at his desk. Daring to look from his textbook, he mistakenly connected eyes with his roommate.

Hannibal was laying on his side, draped over his twin and looking more like a model, than a student.

"I tripped last night. Bit my lip while trying to catch my fall." The lie flowed effortlessly from Will's lips, who was determined to appear unaffected by Hannibal's intimidation tactics. He couldn't very well admit he listened to Hannibal jerking off, while simultaneously jerking himself off and having one of the most powerful orgasms of his life (hence the biting of his own lip).

"Did you?" Hannibal responded.

Gulp. "Did I what?"

A twinkle of amusement flickered in his amber eyes. "Catch your fall."

Will sighed to feign annoyance, but his stomach warmed like a fire was lit inside. "Yes, I did."

Hannibal looked Will up and down with a nod, his only reply a small, inquisitive '*hm*'.

The words on his textbook page began to blur as his mind drifted to the previous night. Did Hannibal somehow know? Anxiety turned to nausea that fell over him so quickly, he feared he would be sick. Instead of puking in the garbage can beneath his desk, he stood up and walked into the bathroom.

He leaned over the toilet but nothing came, just more and more anxiety spinning around in his guts.

He was cautious and quiet the previous night, but also drunk out of his mind. Had a moan slipped out without him realizing it? Perhaps Hannibal was upset about the vodka he drank? He hadn't mentioned anything about the empty bottle sitting in his garbage can.

When Will woke up that morning, his eyes flew to Hannibal's unoccupied bed despite the pounding that pulsed in his temples. His roommate was already gone, letting Will's horrendous imagination to assume where the older boy ran off to.

At the end of his rope, Will popped a few aspirin to fight his hangover and quickly met Beverly in the library, which led to his embarrassing confession.

It wasn't until that night, as Will decided to flip through his textbook once more, that Hannibal came waltzing inside.

His roommate didn't act strange. Hannibal merely greeted him and promptly fell onto his bed, pulled out his phone and began scrolling aimlessly.

All the while, Will's mind began tormenting him. Hannibal must think him such a hypocrite. Vowing he wasn't gay, vowing to never drink again. It took him less than a month to go back on his word.

In their small bathroom, Will splashed cold water over his face to cover up the sweat.

I feel like a disgusting pervert. A predator. How can I possibly explain myself now?

Will gazed into his blue eyes in the mirror above the sink, then to the bags under his eyes until finally landing on his bitten lip. The blood crusted over the wound. Beverly and Francis hadn't asked about it.

Looking back into his own eyes, he ran his tongue over the cut. The sting throbbed, but Will kept rubbing it until the pain made his eyes water.

Unsatisfied, he used his teeth to trace over the cut instead, goosebumps forming on his arm from the sensation it gave him.

It felt so good to distract himself, that without thinking, he bit down hard.

Blood fell down his chin, hot and sticky, and splattered onto the white sink below. He gawked at himself in the mirror, marveling over what he had done.

His brain was silent.

There was a knock at the door, but Will couldn't focus on anything besides the throbbing sensation in his lip, beating like a heart.

Another knock.

"Open the door, Will."

The command was firm, simple and the boy found himself obeying.

Hannibal looked surprised at the state of his roommate. Will never saw that expression on him before, even if it was only for a moment before he was gripping Will's chin to lift his face upward.

"Why did you bite yourself?" Hannibal asked calmly, tightening his grip slightly before pushing Will back towards the sink.

With his brain blissfully quiet, he decided to be honest. "Because it felt good."

The response was met with more surprise, which Will oddly found satisfying. Then the expression softened into something more like admiration. "What else did you do because it felt good, Will?"

"I told you I would kill you if you ever touched me again," Will breathed out, sounding less threatening by the second.

"So then do it," Hannibal shot back confidently, looking down at the bloody lip. "But at least let me clean that before you do."

It was happening again. Will could feel his heart beating furiously as all blood rushed south. While still gripping his jaw, Hannibal opened the medicine cabinet with his free hand, grabbing a few supplies before shutting the mirror closed.

It was impossible not to look up at Hannibal's face as he patiently cleaned the blood off Will's skin.

"Did you think I wouldn't know?"

The breath was sucked out of Will's lungs. Hannibal paused, the cold cloth still pressed to his bottom lip. The older boy kept his eyes firmly down on the younger, half-lidded and dark.

"Did you think I wouldn't *smell you*?"

Will was already half hard beneath his jeans, now scrapping against the zipper painfully. The boy's thoughts, however, never fell so silent, just like the last time he was under Hannibal's spell. As if cruising on autopilot, Will found himself looking down at Hannibal's lips. They looked soft.

"Even with all I'm learning about the human condition," Hannibal began, gently wiping the rest of the crusted blood off Will's bottom lip. "You still manage to surprise me."

"I imagine that's not something you're used to," Will heard himself say. His voice didn't entirely sound like his own.

Hannibal searched Will's face for something unbeknownst to the boy. The attention was making him feel warm inside and after the morning confession, he could deny his feelings no

longer.

The excitement of not knowing what Hannibal would do next, feeling something dark hidden beneath the skin touching him, was something like a high.

He didn't realize it until he tore open his wound to quiet his brain. As much as Hannibal seemed to enjoy Will's unpredictability, Will admired the same quality in Hannibal.

"Come with me to Italy," Hannibal offered confidently. "I'm visiting my aunt at her home in the countryside during our break."

Will didn't have enough money for a ticket home to see his actual father, how could he possibly afford a ticket to Italy?

As if sensing his thoughts, Hannibal spoke. "I have an extra ticket anyway and I know you aren't going home. Come with me."

Why close a door?

He could hear Beverly's voice ringing in his ears. As if a premonition, a door was cracked open before him now.

What laid on the other side of it, was terrifying and uncertain.

Still, the door opened.

"Okay."

Chapter End Notes

> Just close your eyes and imagine young Hannibal with tattoos, a buttoned shirt open to reveal his tanned chest along the Italian countryside and tell me you aren't excited.

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